

Gr. 2, Theme 3, Story 1
Chinatown, Fluency

apartment	Chinatown	through	already	graceful
cobbler	fixing	price	delivery	sidewalks
restaurant	roasted	favorite	grandma	handcarts

I live in Chinatown with my mother, father,
and grandmother. Our apartment is above
the Chinese American grocery store. Every morning
Grandma and I go for a walk through Chinatown.
We hold hands before we cross the street.
“Watch out for cars, Grandma,” I tell her.
Most days the tai chi class has already begun
by the time we get to the park.
Students, young and old, move in the sunlight
like graceful dancers. We always stop
and say hello to Mr. Wong, the street cobbler.
If our shoes need fixing, Mr. Wong can do the job.
“Just like new, and at a good price, too,” says Mr. Wong.
Chinatown really wakes up when the delivery trucks arrive.
Men with handcarts move quickly over the sidewalks

and into the stores. Every day Grandma and I
walk past the Dai-Dai Restaurant. Roasted chicken
is my favorite, but Grandma likes duck best.

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